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## LARRY MOORE.

"If labour is pain, and thought is sorrow,  
Wisdom will lead us out of their way—  
Bring us pleasure to day and care to-morrow—  
To-morrow that never can be to-day."

OLD SONG.

"THINK of to-morrow!"—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it: at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that.\* There is Larry Moore, for example:—who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision?—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day, in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a tuft of white or yellow broom, sprouting a little above the blueish green of its prickly neighbour, waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful; and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—sly, cunning rogues!—find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom-blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite, Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words, "sure it's all as one as my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own; for sorra a one can put *foot* on it widout me and the coble (boat) that have been hand and glove as good as forty years." But look, I pray you, upon Larry: there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words) "the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsel of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living merwoman sat every new-year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who, consequently, trated her seat wid grate respect—why not?" There, then is Larry—his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it—his long bare legs stretched out behind, kicking, occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey—his lower garments have evidently once been trowsers—blue trowsers; but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great things, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder; for Larry when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect,) rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the calm waters, and as Larry, of course, rests his arm while he performs the above named exploits, the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not "impenetrable stuff." His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of sun-burned straw, banded by a mishapen sea ribbon, and garnished by "delisk," red and green, his cutty pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy widout any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phrenologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humorous twinkling of his little grey eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star

\* We cannot concur in these remarks of our fair and talented country-woman. That there are many such characters to be found in Ireland as the Bannow boatman we are ready to admit, but we will by no means allow that such is the character of our peasantry generally.—Ed.

or two illumine the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however is an undressed, wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist: from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his "vocation."

"Good morrow, Larry!"

"Good morrow kindly, my lady! may-be ye're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry;—but there's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye!—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sowl out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye takes!—sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens, the grawls were so plased wid the mate—the cratur!—sorra' a morsel o' prattee they'd put into their mouths;—and we'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry,—if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! Sorra fancy I have for fasting-mate—besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod' leapt into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted asy while I hallooed to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit—back to the water.—Small loss!"

"But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure I'm after telling y'er ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner by good luck yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure you've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not?"

"Where's the good of thinking of that, now?"

"Oh, Larry, I'm afraid you never think of *to-morrow*!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it, 'or all the sun's so bright, both in the air and the water."

"Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole?—where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain!—and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather*."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to day;—and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weazel, because I gave my consent to our Nancy's marrying Matty Quough; and she says they were bad to come together on account that they hadn't enough to pay the priest; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a grandchild is come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate—and even the priest says it's because I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I am glad to find the priest is of my opinion: but tell me, have you fatted the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing y'er pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for ating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tethers him by the leg when I'm going out;—but he's so 'cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty?—you are close to the quarry, and could build him a sty in half an hour?"

"Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up with a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day!"

"But not for the *morrow*, Larry."

"Now y'er at me again!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye'er in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till y'er hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True, for ye, ma'am dear; though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then, and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure, I see ye plain enough, Master Rashleigh. God help me! I broke the oar yesterday, and never thought to get it mended; and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a drop too much last night, and that makes me fit for nothing—"

"On the *morrow*, Larry."

"Faith! ma'am dear, you're too bad. Oh, dear! If I had the sense to set the lobster-pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught!—they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards! but I didn't think —"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry."

"Oh, then, let me alone, lady, dear! What will I do wid the oar! Jim Connor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I didn't want it; and—I believe one of the childer got hold of it—I didn't think —"

"Of the *morrow*, Larry!"

"By dad, I have it!—I can poke the coble on with this ould pitchfork; there's not much good in it; but never heed—it's the master's, and he's too much the jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times a'n't as good wid him now as they used to be; for Barney Clarey tould Nelly Parnell, who tould Tom Lavery, who tould it out foreint me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's, as how they bottle the whiskey, and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign I don't know what is:—though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking—wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, after all, is only calico-cotton."

"What do you mean by bottling the whiskey and salting the meat, Larry?"

"Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; may-be ye don't know, indeed? Sure the right way, my lady, is to have the whiskey on draught; and then it's so refreshing, of a hot summer's day, to take a hearty swig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'am honey, let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whiskey; it'll always keep the could out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye. Sure the clargy take to it, and lawyers take to it, far before new milk; and his holiness the Pope—God bless him!—to say nothing of the king (who is the first king of *hearts we ever had*) who drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, has'n't half the fire of the rale Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whiskey in a jontleman's house:—and, as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times—is just to kill the baste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convanient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negers! that's the way they get rich,

and sniff at the world, my jewel; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impudent chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he had'n't a bit to eat:—there, d'ye see him?—he's dancing mad—he may just as well take it asy. It's such as him give people the feaver. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; sorra a drop of milk we can get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind!—sure whiskey is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? As I live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure-boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in *sotto voce* (I would not have it repeated for the world,) that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed *unencumbered* property by field and flood, wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately, passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous, good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and, latterly, he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobler ones the same propensity? Be it as it may, the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of *TO-MORROW*.

Mrs. S. C. Hall.

## SONG.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Along the stream of life we row,  
With constant mind;  
Still lightly touching as we go,  
Each port we find.  
The dullest spot we carol by,  
With laugh and lay:  
And be it still, with smile or sigh—  
Touch, and away!  
  
We never dream that sunny hours  
Were made to last;  
But know, like them, that storms and showers,  
Must soon be past.  
And thus springs pass, and springs return;  
Joys come and flee—  
And sober mortals laugh and mourn—  
We still are free! J. U. U.

## IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

In our little history of the progress of the Fine Arts in Ireland in a former number, page 84, we made mention of the numerous golden ornaments of a very remote age which are being constantly discovered, and among others, alluded to the golden Torques or collars. As illustrations of these we now present our readers with two fine examples, lately to be seen in Dublin.

The form of these ornaments, which are of fine gold and excellent workmanship, will be best understood by the engravings. The first is 5 feet 7 inches in length and weighs